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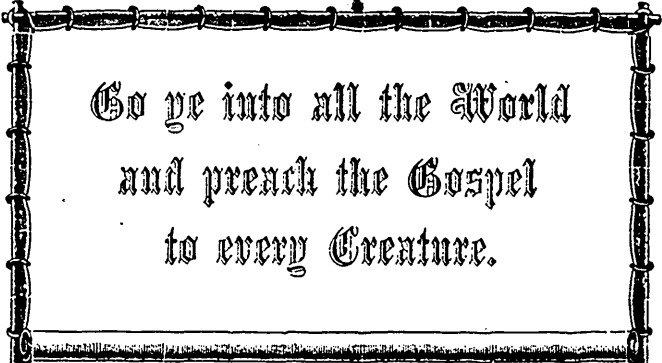
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



Go ye into all the World
and preach the Gospel
to every Creature.

Vol. 1. DEC., 1886. No. 12.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address.

Single copies 30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying its own cost, are given to Missions.

All communications to be addressed to
Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

TO THE CHILDREN.

Dear young people,—The CHILDREN'S RECORD greets you once again. A year has passed away since first it began its monthly visits to your happy homes scattered all the way from Newfoundland to Edmonton, and it wishes to thank you most heartily for the kindly greeting and cordial welcome you have always given it. Whether living in the far East or in the far West, on the shore, in the woods, in the city, or on the lonely prairie, you have received it with a smile so cheery that it wishes to continue its visits. It has been a very pleasant year for the CHILDREN'S RECORD, meeting with so many young people, carrying them so many messages of good, and pleading with them on behalf of the little ones who know not of Jesus and His love. The aim of the CHILDREN'S RECORD is to help in leading its young readers to walk in the right way and to lead them to help others to walk in that same way. And now as the year's labor closes, its hope is that its work may not be in vain, and its farewell greeting for this year is the prayer, that God will bless all the children who have been reading it, and that as they grow in years and stature they may grow in favor with God and man.

This number closes the first volume of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. We tender hearty thanks to those who have so kindly taken an interest in its distribution, and helped to make it successful. With even the present circulation it will, after the

expense of starting it is paid, meet its own cost and pay something into the Foreign Mission Fund as well. We would respectfully ask a continuance of the kindly offices of those who have done so much for it, and hope that the number of its helpers and readers may be largely increased.

Will congregations and Sabbath Schools who have not yet done so, please give the CHILDREN'S RECORD a trial by ordering a parcel for next year.

Parcels of sample copies will be sent free for distribution to any who may wish them.

Unless notice is received to the contrary it will be assumed that all who are now getting parcels of the CHILDREN'S RECORD wish their order continued for the coming year. We hope there will be no change except in the way of increase.

The price is fifteen cents in parcels of any size from five upwards. Single copies thirty cents. All subscriptions must end with December but may begin at any time through the year, the price in parcels being 1½ cents per month.

As all the work done in connection with its publication is gratuitous, and all receipts above cost are given to Missions, all the work done in distributing it must be gratuitous as well. No commissions, discounts, reductions in price, are given to any person in any shape or form.

The price has been placed at a very low figure to bring it within reach, even of the poorest.

Commending the year's work to Him whose cause it is trying in a feeble way to help, we bid it farewell and look forward with hope to better things in the year to come, asking young and old to kindly give a helping hand.

"Pleasant words are as an honey-comb, sweet to the soul."—Prov. xvi. 25.

TRINIDAD.

Every year our Mission in Trinidad seems to be more and more successful. Do you know how this is, children? Let me tell you. When the missionaries went there some years ago both young and old knew nothing of Jesus. The old people had been taught to worship idols when they were children, and it was very hard to get them to worship Jesus. But the missionaries got schools established and gathered the children and taught them to read the Bible, and now as these children grow up many of them become Christians because they have been taught Christianity when they were children. They are far more easily won to Christ than their fathers were. Thus you see that the work which you do in supporting mission schools is of very great service. Will you not pray more earnestly that your gifts may be blessed to these little folks in the mission schools.

OUR INDIANS.

You know children that many years ago the only people who lived in our country all the way from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, were Indians. Then our forefathers came and took the land and settled on it, pushing the Indians farther and farther back towards the West. A few years ago they had all great prairies of the North-West for a hunting ground and there roamed vast herds of buffalo and animals of other kind in plenty. These the Indian killed, making food of the flesh and clothing of the skins. Now the white people are settling on their prairies, the buffalo are getting few, the Indians have not much country and often not much food.

What do you think the Presbyterian church to which you belong is trying to do for these Indians. It is trying to teach them how to do work here and how to get to heaven. If these poor heathen Indians have lost their hunting grounds the least we can do is to teach them a better way of living. We have missionaries and schools among these tribes in the North-West and part of what you give for mis-

sions helps to send the Gospel to the little Indian children of the prairies in the far West. As you save your cents to help save the Indians, by sending them the knowledge of Jesus, pray for them, that the work among them may be richly blessed.

FORMOSA.

Do you know what the word Formosa means, Children? Certainly we do answer many little voices, it means an island where some of our missionaries, Dr. MacKay and Mr. Jamieson with their wives are laboring. Quite true, it is the name of that island but what does the word itself mean? It means "*beautiful*." The island was so named by some sailors when they saw it, because to them it looked so fair. You remember the hymn,

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylons isle
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

As with Ceylon so with Formosa. It was only fair to the eye until our missionaries went there. Since that time a great change has come over it and it is now beginning to be "*Formosa*" not only in appearance but in the character of the people. In many cases man is no longer vile, but cleansed from sin and made pure.

Hear what Dr. MacKay says of the time when he landed fourteen years ago. He says. All was dark around. The people hated foreigners. There were no churches, no hospitals, no preachers, no students, no friends.

A few months ago a meeting was held to celebrate the 14th anniversary of his landing. What a change. "From all parts of North Formosa converts gathered into one place at the city of Tamsui. Old men, young men, women, and children. Some old men walked five days to be present to share in the rejoicings and thanksgivings. Hundreds walked three or four days. Arches of green boughs were built. Rows of Chinese lanterns were hung among the trees. The day was spent in great joy, 1273 converts were there.

GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now, and here!

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children sweet!
The way to find the Holy child
Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever Wise Men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one Good Shepherd hold
The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning,
Thank God, O children dear!
That Christ who came to Bethlehem,
Is living now, and here.

—S. S. Times.

THINGS YOU WILL NEVER REGRET.

Honouring and obeying your parents.—
Ephes. vi. 1.

Reverencing and respecting the aged.—
Lev. xix. 32.

Always speaking the truth.—Psalm xv.
1, 2.

Never indulging in profanity.—James
v. 12.

Taking good advice.—Proverbs xiii. 10.
Saying "No" to the tempter.—1 Peter
v. 8, 9.

Keeping out of debt.—Romans xiii. 8.
Keeping good company.—Psalm i. 1.

Making good use of your opportunities,
—Ephes. v. 15, 16.

Keeping the Sabbath Day holy.—Exo-
dus xx. 8.

Helping the poor and needy.—Psalm
xli. 1.

Familiarity with the Bible.—Psalm
cxix. 9, 11.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Dear little friends, do you love the
Lord Jesus?

He loves *you* very dearly. He loved
you so much that He laid down His life
to save *you*—so much that He suffered
punishment for *your* sins. He loves you
so very much still that there is not a mo-
ment in the day that He is not thinking
of you, and caring for you; and He says,
"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlast-
ing love," which means that He loved you
from the very beginning and *will* love you
to the end.

Oh! what wonderful love!

"This same Jesus" now asks you the
plain question, "Lovest *thou* Me?" Is
your answer to be "Yes" or "No?"

Oh! I trust it may be a hearty "Lord,
Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest
that I love Thee."

Not long ago, when walking down a
street, I met a bright-eyed little girl, with
whom I began to talk, and, after a little
while, I said, "Then you love the Lord
Jesus, don't you?"

"Well," she said, "I want to love Him,
and I am trying to, but it is awfully hard!"

I asked her, "Are you trying to love
your mother?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I love
mother dearly; I don't need to try."

"But how is that?"

"Why," she replied, "because *she* loves
me, and *she* loved me long before I *could*
love her."

"Well," I said, "it is just the same
with Jesus—only He loves you far more
than your mother does, and He loved you
long before you ever thought of Him; and
I think, if you will repeat to yourself, over
and over again, 'Jesus loves me,' you will
very soon be able to say, 'I love Jesus,'
for We love Him because He first loved
us."—*Sel.*

"Joseph," said a merchant to his clerk,
"your character and all your future use-
fulness and prosperity depend upon the
way you pass your evenings. Take my
word for it, it is a young man's evenings
that tell upon his life."

PRAYER.

A little girl in a school in India, when she saw two of the scholars going to the teacher to be examined on their lesson, knelt down and asked God to keep their minds clear so that they might be able to answer all the questions correctly. They did so, and when she had to go to be examined herself, she told these others what she had done, and how God had heard her prayer, and she asked them to pray for her too.

Does not this little child, who had so lately learned about God, set an example to you who have always known Him? Do you pray about everything, as she did,—your work, and play, and lessons, all things that please you or trouble you? And do you pray for your little friends, too? And don't you think she was very unselfish to be so anxious to have them do well, instead of having her mind full of herself and her own success?

Where are we told that "the Lord giveth wisdom?"

Where are we told "in *everything*" to make our requests known unto God?

Who says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ?"

Where do we read, "Pray one for another?"—*Sel.*

A GOOD MAN'S TENDERNESS.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system.

George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been left open a long time, because of the great heat; but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew, at the time, what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might,

again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He at once went to the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Mr. Stephenson saw a nest—the little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Mr. Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it, four tiny little ones—mother and young all apparently dead. Mr. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm, it had so long and bravely struggled to bring to its home and young, still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain; it speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At that time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of that dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of the death.—*Manchester Times.*

DIDN'T KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT.

A Mongol fable is as follows: Two geese, when about to start southward on their autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog procured a stock of strong grass, got the two geese to take it, one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle. In this manner the three were making their journey successfully, when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The vainglorious frog, opening his mouth to say, "It was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

Moral.—Don't let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent.

BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD.

The name of Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, has become a household word, familiar to the children as well as to those of riper years. In his recent work, "The Congo," that intrepid traveler relates some strange experiences which he had in his dealings with the native African tribes. He also records some curious customs to which he had to conform in trying to win the favor of these tribes, and secure their confidence. One of these was that of "blood-brotherhood." This is a custom by which those who submit to it bind themselves to perpetual friendship—pledge themselves to help each other to the utmost of their ability. The ceremony connected with it is meant to be very imposing. Mr. Stanley tells us that, on one occasion, he entered into this relation with a native chief named Mata Buzki (lord of many gums). When the moment for the ceremony arrived, a fetish-man—a sort of heathen priest—appeared, carrying his lancets, a long pod, a pinch of salt, and a fresh green banana leaf. The staff of a spear belonging to the chief's son, and the stock of a rifle belonging to Mr. Stanley were then scraped, the fine shavings falling on the banana leaf. To these shavings were added the pinch of salt and a little dust scraped from the pod. The arms of the two men were then crossed, and the fetish-man made an incision in each with one of the lancets. When the blood began to ooze out, a little of the curious compound just described was dropped on the wounds. The arms were then rubbed together, the white arm and the black arm, and the men were brothers, pledged to a life-friendship. This is blood-brotherhood in Africa.

But we read of a blood-brotherhood more real than this, and one which carries with it greater obligations. The Holy Spirit, speaking by the mouth of Paul, says: "God that made the world and all things therein * * * hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." Acts xvii., 24-26. What follows? This: we are blood-

brothers with our fellow-men, bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. Brothers to the untutored savages in Trinidad, to the Islanders of the New Hebrides, to the natives of India and Formosa, to the Indians in the prairies and woods of the great North-West. Not only are we brothers to them but we are our "brother's keepers." We are their keepers, and shall we keep them in darkness, ignorance, and sin? Nay—let every child be a helper in the great work of sending them the Gospel that will lead them away from their sin to holiness and heaven.

LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

One Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sunday-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and turning to this little fellow, asked him:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?" "Oh, yes, sir." "And when do you do it? You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but cannot say that I pray then." "When then?" "You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray." "And what do you say?" Ah, sir, very little! I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat a short verse." "What is that?" "God be merciful to me a sinner."

One of my Sabbath-school boys earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging and selling dandelions. "When did you find time, Jimmy?" I asked, for he was a very punctual and constant scholar at the day-school. "There is almost always time for what we are bent on," said Jimmy. "You see, I pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking, sir."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.

"We never need behave amiss,
Nor feel uncertain long,
As we can always tell by this,
If things are right or wrong.

"I know I shall not steal or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

"And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow;
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

"But any kindness they may need
I'll do whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed,
When they are kind to me.

"Whether I am at home, at school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never shall forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ, the Lord."
—*Good Cheer.*

THE SABBATH SCHOOL CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

"A Christmas offering already," do you say? Yes, already. For four thousand years God was preparing for the first Christmas; and who can tell how long the angels took to prepare that glad song of the nativity which they sung so sweetly above the slopes of Bethlehem? If you could get a peep behind the scenes, you would find many of your mothers and sisters even now planning and working for the coming season of gladness. We wish you to have a very happy Christmas, and you may depend upon it that it will be all the happier if you begin now to save your pennies to help to send the Gospel to the

heathen. The message of the angel to the shepherds was: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." This is the message we wish you to send to hundreds of millions of children who have never heard the name of Jesus. Put your savings into the little mite-box or jug, and ask God to bless them. (Your pastor or Sabbath-school superintendent can tell you all about where and how to get these mite-boxes or jugs.) You will be surprised to find how much you have saved by the time the bells ring in the Merry Christmas.

Many stories might be told of what the children have done in the mission fields, as well as in our own land. "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: It is more blessed to give than to receive."—*Sel.*

THE BOOK OF COMMAND.

A missionary in Turkey paid a visit to Sibas, a large inland city, and in the afternoon two Koozel-besh Koords called upon him. They told him they wished to become Christians, and on his questioning them why they wished to change their religion, they replied, "We once worshiped a staff with which the sheik beat us to drive away our sins. But now we do not believe this will save us. A good book has taught us better."

"Where did you get the book?" asked the missionary.

"We don't know whence it came," they answered; "but it teaches us that Christ is alive, while other prophets are dead. It teaches us to love our enemies, and pray for them. It is ten years since we began to learn these truths."

"What is the name of this book?"

"We call it Boynsook" (which means the book of command), they said. "A teacher reads to us from this book, the sheik explains it, and then we pray to God through Christ, as the book teaches."

The name given by these Turkish Koords to the Bible was a very significant one.

WHO IS IT?

There is a little maiden --
 Who is she? do you know?
 Who has a hearty welcome
 Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,
 Her voice is like a bird's;
 The sweetest of all music
 Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
 As if she were the sun;
 And she is sought and cherished
 And loved by every one;

By old folks and by children,
 By lofty and by low—
 Who is this little maiden?
 Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
 You certainly can guess—
 What! must I introduce her?
 Her name is—Cheerfulness.

A VISIT TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN INDIA.

BY RENA CLIFTON.

I often think of the many pleasant hours I have passed in Sunday-schools in America, and think that home friends and others may be interested in hearing of the first one I attended in India.

Our vessel reached Bombay on the last Sabbath of last January at noon. We soon landed and enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Stone, the Methodist Episcopal missionary pastor in Bombay.

After an hour's rest we were invited to attend the native mission Sunday School, which is held in the church at 3 p. m.

The school is under missionary management, but of course all the services are in Hindustani, and native convert teachers are employed as far as they are available. We could not understand their songs or readings, but they used the same Sunday-school lessons we had used at home. The classes were arranged much the same as in

our home Sunday-schools. There was an infant class, then intermediate classes, from that to a Bible class.

The school was opened by singing one of our old Sunday-school songs, but of course in Hindustani. Then followed a prayer by a native convert preacher who was attending Conference then convened at Bombay, after which they sang in their own language, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Now, dear friends, you should hear these children, in this work, sing. I fear we should be heartily ashamed of ourselves on account of the little interest we often take in this line of Sunday-school work as compared to them. As we watched them we thought if any one ever "sang with the spirit," surely they did.

The next half hour was spent upon the lesson. This time was passed very pleasantly by us in studying these many new and curious human object lessons.

Seated somewhat apart from the rest we observed three natives listening earnestly to the instructions of their teacher. These persons, we noticed, had some form of a skin disease and were allowed to touch no one. While we watched them, we were reminded of the miracle of Jesus healing the leper.

You must not think of this Sunday-school as made up of bright, clean, happy-faced children, dressed in white dresses with blue sashes, with their wealth of hair streaming down to their waists; or in their new suits with bright colored stockings and ties; because they present quite a different appearance. The children are gathered in from the street. Some have a mere string about the waist, others have but little more, and none are well dressed. Added to this, dirt seems to be one of the essentials to the life of the native child, but, fortunately, their complexion seems to come to the rescue at this point.

We were informed that the great hindrance to effective work with these children is their irregular attendance. Of all that number of children present that day, perhaps the next Sunday nine-tenths of their places would be filled by others. Thus

much of the seed sown in these young minds is choked and blasted by the withering influences of heathenism.

As we looked over this group of busy workers we could scarcely realize that so much had been accomplished in one year, for the school was organized but one year ago. Great credit is due Miss De Line, one of our missionaries, who has charge.

The closing exercises were very interesting and much the same as the opening, except that a few of the children repeated Scripture texts and many joined in giving the "Golden Text."

Rev. Dennis Osborne, who visited America in 1884, then sang, with his son Ernest, some native Bhajans—our Sunday-school songs translated and set to native music—which seemed to give new energy to their enthusiasm.

As we were leaving the house an old native Christian lady came and taking us by the hand gave us a hearty welcome to India.

It was a pleasure to notice the gleam of Christian intelligence which shone on her wrinkled visage. One must visit these scenes to realize how great the need of the Gospel to drive out the darkness and superstition of heathenism, and usher in the glorious light and love of Christianity.

May our Infinite Father bless the Sunday-schools at home, and may they aid with their pocket-books as well as their prayers in sending the Gospel to the millions of men, women and children who have never heard of Jesus and his love.—*Mussooree, June 28, 1886.*

THE SYSTEMATIC GIVERS.

In the last number of *The Pansy*, Faye Huntington tells a very good story of some girls at a boarding school, who formed a missionary society. The name the society took was "The Systematic Givers." The motto adopted was, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store as God hath prospered him," and each girl pledged herself to give one tenth of the money she called her own.

Considerable discussion has arisen

among the girls as to what money they have a right to tithe. "What would you do about taking a tenth of the money your father sent to you for a new dress?" asked one Lillie Case.

"Well," replied Laura, "I will tell you what I did. Papa sent me thirty dollars for dress, hat, etc., and I decided to take out a tenth, and get a dress of a little cheaper material, or a plainer hat. But I tell you, Lilly, I never made even thirty dollars go as far as the twenty-seven did. Bess says my dress is prettier than hers that cost twenty-five dollars, and I know it will be more durable. There is a difficulty, I know, in some cases, of knowing just what we may do, but all of us have something that we may call our very own, and that is all we are responsible for, after all. I know the girls pretty well, and with one or two exceptions, a tithe of what we spend for confectionary, creams, and ices in the course of the term would buy a good many Bibles."

After several months had passed, Lillie Case remarked one day, "Is it not wonderful how much we can do by following out a regular system? Why, I do not miss the money I give, and I actually give dollars where I used to give cents!"

"I am sorry you lose the blessing of self-denial," said Laura, smiling; "You ought to give enough to feel it."

"Oh! you need not imagine I do not feel it; every time I take out a tenth it hurts, for I am naturally stingy. And I say to myself, 'You old miser! you have got to deny yourself, even if it does pinch.' But after I put the money in the little gift box, I find I get along just as well without the money to spend, and I love to hand it over to the treasurer. That is what I meant when I said I did not miss it."

A number of children were asked why Jesus was called an "unspeakable gift." There was silence for a second or two, when one little girl, with a trembling voice, said, "Because he is so precious that no one can tell his preciousness."

A MANLY, LOVING BOY.

He walks beside his mother,
And looks up in her face
With a glow of loving, joyous pride
And a truly royal grace ;
He proudly waits upon her—
Would shield her without fear,
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier.

To see no tears of sorrow
Upon her loving cheek,
To gain her sweet approving smile,
To hear her softly speak,
Ah, what in all this wide, wide world
Could be to him so dear,
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her little cavalier ?

Look for that boy in the future
Among the good and true ;
All blessings on the upward way
His feet shall still pursue !
Of robed and crowned and sceptred kings
He stands the royal peer,
The boy who loves his mother well,
Her noble cavalier.

TEN LITTLE MISSIONARY
WORKERS.

BY IVY FERN.

There was no doubt of it. Quiet, little Tillie Bonar was thoroughly aroused. "It is just a shame !" she was saying. "Here are four of us— all members of the church, too—and every one of us knows what this part of the covenant means. Read it again, Orma ;" and Orma read, "And the spread of the Gospel throughout the world."

"Why, I've read that every week since last winter, and I never thought before that that part was for us any more than the parts about family worship, or educating our children to be Christians ; but I do believe it means us after all."

"Well, let's do something," said energetic Grace, who believed in deeds more than in words, and had caught the spirit of Tillie's enthusiasm.

"We can't go, that's sure ; and we wouldn't be of much account if we did, I imagine," continued Ethel.

"That's true, so let's send some one who will," said Tillie.

"But, we can't," urged Grace. "We might 'push a pound,' though ; and if it should happen to be the last one, I guess that would be 'sending them.'"

"Well," said Ethel, "that means money, and you know, girls, I never have a cent of my own, except on my birthday. I'm always sure of my dollar then. I've got that yet ; but the others have never lasted long ; but I'll give that for a nest-egg."

"I must always have something on my birthday, too. Papa always lets me buy my own candies. It will be ten or fifteen cents. I promise that when it comes," added Orma.

"Why couldn't we have a birthday box ?" suggested Tillie ; "and every birthday put in as many cents as we are years old ?"

"Then we would have in a year—let me see, I'll be thirteen, Ethel and Tillie twelve, and Grace eleven. That would make forty-eight cents the first year, and fifty-two the next. We'd better take Ethel's dollar and be done with it," replied Orma.

"No, I'll tell you, girls," planned Grace ; "let's ask two or three others to join us, and coax our friends to fill up our box. Daisy Beach and her cousin Georgia each has a birthday book, and we can find out from them when lots of birthdays come, and we'll just fish for 'em. Our box will be bait, and the pennies the fish."

"We'll send our fish to the heathen and the missionaries can exchange them for the food they need," said Ethel.

"Will you be a ring ?" asked Tillie's little sister, Flossy, who bid fair to be an organizer.

"She means a circle," exclaimed Tillie.

"It would be nice, wouldn't it ?"

And so the little band was formed. There were ten girls when it was completed. Each promised solemnly to do all she could toward getting twelve birthday offerings during the year. Grace's birth-

day was on the 21st of July, and that would be next week. She had been saving her money for nearly a year to buy "the cutest little china cupboard," with a complete set of dishes—knives and forks and spoons and goblets. Everything! even a drawer with a tablecloth in it, and, more wonderful still, when everything was out of the cupboard it could be made into a table. And Grace's heart had been set on this for so long, we need not wonder that she felt pretty sober as she walked home that afternoon, for that very evening she was to receive the last fifteen cents. She had been sewing carpet-rags, hot afternoons for two weeks, for this; and now, if she would take out eleven cents, she didn't know when she would have the long-hoped for amount again. Something whispered to buy her dishes, and put her birthday money in when she got it. The box wouldn't be open for a year, any way; and her little cousins from the country had been invited to spend her birthday with her, and they would be so disappointed, too.

Grace walked quietly into the house. Her mamma observed the thoughtful mood in place of the usual bouncing step, and said nothing as Grace walked up to her room, and turned the key softly in her door; but she prayed for her little girl, for she knew something was wrong. What did Grace do? She sat perfectly still in her rocking chair for fifteen whole minutes. Then she knelt at her bedside, and, bursting into tears, sobbed as if her little heart would break. If you have never loved Jesus very much, and at the same time wanted very much to do something that you feared he would not like, you can not appreciate her feelings.

It was full an hour before she left her room. Then the tear-stains were all washed away, and, with a face fairly beaming with joy, she rushed into the sitting-room, caught up first one and then the other of her four-year old twin brothers, and then told mamma all about the birthday box, and showed her the eleven cents she was going to put in next week, and then she explained it all to the boys, who under-

stood enough to earn the pennies she had brought them, by each giving her four kisses, and then carefully putting the money in mamma's hands to "teep for the puty bots when our birfday tums."

"We only promised to get twelve offerings, and this will be three for me already," said Grace.

And mamma understood, and said, in her heart, "I thank Thee."

Thus was the first sacrifice made, and I think Jesus' blessing rested upon that box because of it. There were other sacrifices made during the year, and many dimes fell into the box without any sacrifice at all. The girls had no idea when they began that so many would give. Ethel had thirty-six names on her paper, and Orma forty. I tell you it wasn't safe for any, big or little, to speak of his birthday when those girls were around, unless he wanted to pay for it. Even cross old Mr. Smarl gave little Flossy forty-six pennies on his birthday, and actually smiled as he watched her push them through the opening. Then he tried to shake them out; but there was a little piece of cloth pasted inside with a slit in it that allowed the pennies to be pushed through, but would not let them come back.

Dear old Grandma Sherma put in a little gold dollar. She was only eighty-six, but she said she would put in the other fourteen cents to "grow on." The gold dollar had been taken out of her little Archie's coat-pocket the day after he was drowned, fifty-two years ago, and she had kept it all this time, often wondering herself what she would ever do with it.

Some of the big sisters wouldn't tell their ages, and the rule for them was "a half-dollar, and no questions asked;" and some of the big brothers "didn't want the change" and so their half-dollars went in.

When the year had passed there were just one hundred and fifty-six names on the list, and Nellie Morse's blessed, gray-haired bachelor uncle, who lived in the big house just out of town, told her if the girls would let the box be opened at his house, he would invite all the givers out there.

Then he had such funny invitations printed, with the picture on one side, of a little girl opening a box, on which was written "Birthday Offerings," and out of which pennies and dimes and dollars were rolling in every direction ; and on the other side was printed, "5 to 8 P. M., Wednesday, July 21, 1886, at Woodland Glen. Opening at 6 P. M."

He let the ten little workers spend an afternoon with him, and direct all the envelopes, and help put up the six hammocks and try each of the four swings, and have a little ride on the lake near the house, and even told them that he was going to have ice cream and that they were to pass it for him. And Flossy confided to him before they left, that if he could not find any nice old lady, she would marry him when she grew up and had pretty white hair like his, he was "just so good."

The party was a mixed one, I assure you, but Uncle Will was equal to the occasion, and with the books, papers, pictures, and curiosities everybody's taste seemed to be gratified.

At length came the opening and when the cashier at the bank counted it he said "Just an even twenty dollars.—*Herald and Presbyter*."

THE GODDESS CALLED "THE BLACK MOTHER."

BY MRS. A. S. PAGE, OF INDIA.

Not long ago a friend and I each took a bundle of tracts and went to the most sacred idol shrine in Calcutta, that of the goddess Kali. As we approached the place we were met by several priests, one after another, each trying to persuade us to bestow some silver coin ostensibly as an offering to the idol, but, in reality, as a free gift to himself.

They spoke to us in Bengali, but one more forward than the rest tried English. "Do you wish to see our black mother?" he asked me. I told him that I had come to speak about the one true God, who dwelleth in light. So we stepped out of the carriage and walked to the temple

through a narrow passage, between two rows of small shops.

Here were many petty traders, seated cross-legged, each before his pile of goods. Some sold tiny brass vessels shaped like a canoe, used for pouring out libations of Ganges water before or on the idols ; also brass jars, in which the water of the sacred stream is carried to the homes of thousands of devotees, to be administered as medicine both for the mind and body. Some sold garlands of large, bright flowers to be blessed by the priests, and then worn by the worshipper on his return journey.

Others, again, were venders of coconuts, eagerly bought and devoured by weary pilgrims. As we passed by, each one called out to us to buy something, and not go before the "black mother" empty-handed.

My thoughts immediately reverted to the old hymn—"Nothing in my hand I bring ; simply to thy cross I cling"—and I told them of the offering the Christian's God desires—"a broken and a contrite heart." It was difficult, indeed, to get them to listen, seated, as they were in the avenue leading to their holiest temple, and each one of them having a keen eye to business and profit.

As we entered the quadrangle of the temple, we met a number of fanatics returning home after the worship of the goddess was over. They had garlands round their necks, and some of them were clapping their hands as they danced and sang in a very ecstasy of delight. Poor deluded creatures ! they thought that they had cast away all their sins and had become pure and holy.—*Missionary Link*.

HOW TO KNOW.

"Is John a Christian?" was once asked of a friend. "I don't know; I never lived with him," was the peculiar but pointed answer. That tells the tale. The people who live with us know whether we are Christians or not. Our professions cannot deceive them. They know our lives, the real exponents of our characters.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN MADRAS.

Dear Little Helpers:

You can go with me to my Sunday school this afternoon. It is not very far, and we might walk in America, but as it is hot here in Madras, we must ride to school.

Here is a covered bandy and driver, and now you must put on these pith hats instead of your thin ones. Now how many are we—Nellie, Willie, and Jamie, besides me, so we can sit nicely. The door is shut, and on we go.

All along the street we see people buying and selling, as if it were not the Lord's day. The houses are very close on each side, as this is where the poorer people live, and keep their little bazaars on the front doorsteps. Here is a man with a large bundle of clothes to be washed, and as so many of these men live here, it is called Washerman-petta. Further on is another with a plate of sweetmeats to sell. Here to the left we see a temple, and two fat priests sitting outside. As we pass, we can hear the bells of the temple tinkling in the wind, and see the hundreds of images carved upon the temple. We will pray that some day a mission chapel may stand right here and that some of you Sunday-school boys and girls may teach the heathen children in it about Christ.

But here is the gate of the schoolhouse where the girls' day-school is held; here, too, they come on Sunday. But listen, they have already come and are singing, "I gave my life for thee," in Telugu, but to the tune you all know. Now, as we enter, the girls stand and greet us with a pleasant salaam. I tell them who you are, and they say they are very happy to see you. After singing several hymns and explaining one of them, the teacher or the missionary lady prays a short earnest prayer. See, some of the girls are kneeling, though we do not require them to do so. Now they go to their classes. Today, all the teachers are Christian, Ramiah and his wife Soondarana, Ellen, and Lizzie. The classes recite in John, Luke, Mark, the Catechism, and Bible stories for half an hour, after which they come

together, and we question them a little while on what they have learned.

Ah! yes, that is nice; I see you have brought some beautiful picture cards for the girls, and you may give them yourselves. Do you see those two bright-eyed girls? they are Brahmins; but they also come and take the card, and thank you, touching it to their foreheads.

Is it not a nice Sunday school? When you go home to America you must tell our friends about it, and remember to send out more of those pretty picture cards. Who will give us last year's Christmas cards? Those primary lesson cards, too, would be so nice, as they all like the pictures. Will you pray, too, for these girls that they may believe in Christ, and learn to work for Him.

Now it is time to go, and after singing a hymn in one of their own tunes, we let them go. There are fifty-six present today; sometimes fewer girls come, and several times we have had more. Hoping you will come again, I am your loving friend,

MARY M. DAX.

BE SINCERE.

I often say my prayers;
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

Little givers, do you part
With a glad and willing heart;
For the angel voices say,
"Little givers, give to-day."

"It was only a glad 'good morning,'
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Dec. 5.—Rev. 5:1-14. Memory vs. 11-13.

Worshipping God and the Lamb.

GOLDEN TEXT.—REV. 5: 13. CATECHISM, Q. 105.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
How is the Saviour there described?
To what churches did he send messages?
What is the title of this lesson?
Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time?
Place?
Recite the memory verses? The Catechism.

I. The Sealed Books. vs. 1-4.

What did John see?
What is represented by *the book*?
By its being *sealed with seven seals*?
What are God's works of providence?
What proclamation was made?
With what result?
How did this affect John?

II. The Prevailing Lamb. vs. 5-7.

What did one of the elders say to him?
Who had prevailed to open the book?
What did Jesus see? What did the horns
and eyes represent?
What did the Lamb do?

III. The Worshipping Host. vs. 8-14.

What was done when the Lamb took
the book?
What musical instrument did they have?
What else did they hold?
What did the vials and incense represent?
What did the elders sing?
What were the words of this song?
Whose voices were then heard?
What were the words of this song?
Who then took up the shout of praise?
Who responded? What did the elders
do?

Dec. 12.—Rev. 7: 9-17. Memory vs. 13-15.

The Saints in Heaven.

GOLDEN TEXT.—REV. 7: 15. CATECHISM Q. 106.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?

Who were the worshipers of God and
the Lamb?

In what doxology did they unite?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden
Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

I. The Great Multitude. vs. 9-12.

Whom did John see?
Where were they standing?
How were they arrayed?
What did they cry?
Who stood round about them?
What did they do?
What were their words of worship?

II. The White Robes. vs. 13, 14.

What did one of the elders say to John?
What did John reply?
What did the elder then say?
What did the prophet exhort the Jews
to do? Isa. 1: 16.
What did the Lord promise to penitents?
Isa. 1: 18.

How must our sins be washed away?

III. The Heavenly Blessedness. vs. 15-17.

On what ground are the saints received
to heaven?
What is their employment there?
What blessings do they enjoy?
How is this blessedness secured to them?
What benefits do believers receive from
Christ at death?

Dec. 19.—Rev. 22: 8-21. Memory vs. 16, 17.

The Great Invitation.

GOLDEN TEXT.—REV. 22: 21. CATECHISM Q. 107.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
Whom did John see?
How did the angel describe them?
How are they employed?
What is the title of this lesson? Golden
Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Last Warning. vs. 8-12.

What was John about to do?
How was he prevented from doing this?
What was John forbidden to do?
What last warning was given?

Meaning of this warning?
How is it enforced?
To what coming of Christ does this refer?

II. The Last Invitation. vs. 13-17.

What does Jesus call himself?
Who are here pronounced blessed?
To what privileges are they entitled?
Who are excluded from the heavenly city?
Whom did Jesus declare himself to be?
What last invitation is here given?
To whom is it addressed?
Of what Old Testament invitation is this the repetition?

III. The Last Promise. vs. 18-21.

What is threatened against the one who adds to the things written in this book?
What against the one who takes from them?
What last promise does Jesus give?
What is John's response to this promise?
What is the last benediction?

Dec. 26.—GOLDEN TEXT.—HER. 9: 28.

Review.

Lesson I.—What did Jesus do after his intercessory prayer?
What guided his enemies to the place?
What did the band do?
II.—What did Pilate say to the Jews after he had examined Jesus?
What did they all cry out when Pilate would have released him?
III.—What further did they say when Pilate sought again to release him?
What did Pilate finally do?
IV.—What was then done?
What inscription did Pilate put on the cross?
V.—To whom did Jesus first appear after his resurrection?
What message did he give her?
VI.—What took place the same evening?
Who was absent when Jesus thus appeared to the disciples?
What did Thomas say when the other disciples told him they had seen the Lord?

What did he say when Jesus gave him these very proofs?

VII.—What question did Jesus three times put to Peter at the Sea of Galilee?

What was Peter's final answer?

What did Jesus then say to him?

VIII.—What comforting assurance is given to those who confess their sins?

IX.—What song of praise is here recorded?

X.—What new song did John hear in heaven?

XI.—Whom did John see before the throne?

XII.—What is Christ's last great invitation?

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review, and Catechism Questions.

HE LEADETH ME.

He leadeth me through pastures green
Where living waters glide,
And promises that every want
Of mine shall be supplied.

He leadeth me; he goes before
And makes my pathway sure,
He bids me place my hand in his
And feel myself secure.

He leadeth me; his gentle hand
Permits me not to stray,
I need not take a heedless step
Through all the devious way.

He leadeth me; why should I doubt
His wisdom or his love,
He knows the way, the only way,
That leads to joys above.

He leadeth me; by day and night,
At home and when abroad,
I find myself in every place
Surrounded by my God.

He leadeth me; O precious thought!
I cannot go astray,
His gentle hand will guide me safe
Up through the shining way.—*Sel.*

WHO? WHY? HOW LONG?

MISSION RECITATION.

Who should work for missions,
God's kingdom to advance?
Each and all, both great and small,
Whoever has a chance.

Why? Because He bids it,
Because so great the need;
If one wants bread, he *must* be fed,
Or he will starve indeed.

How long shall we keep at it?
How soon may labor cease?
We must keep on till all are won
To serve the Prince of peace.

And so we, here, from year to year
Keep up our mission band;
We must not pause, for still the cause
Needs ev'ry heart and hand.

- *Sol.*

A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

Little Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants.

Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One cold wintry day a poor ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "Do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.

LITTLE BUILDERS.

Little builders all are we,—
Builders for eternity.
Building by our *love*, are we,
In the lands beyond the sea;
Building by each thought and prayer
For the souls that suffer there;
Building slowly, day by day,
One by one the stones we lay;
Building temples for our King
By the offerings we bring.
"Living Temples" he doth raise,
Filled with life and light and praise.
Building in the Hindoo land,
Where the idols are as sand;
Building in vast China too,
Living temples rise to view;
Building in Japan as well,—
Ah! what stories we could tell;
Building on dark Africa's shore,
That there may be *slaves* no more;
Building in the Turk's doomed land
For *Armenia's* scattered band;
Building in Pacific Isles,
Ruined once by Satan's wiles,
And some day our eyes shall see
In a glad eternity
"Living stones" we helped to bring
For the palace of our King.

MARIA A. WEST.

ARE YOU SAFE?

"Auntie," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank do they worry about it because they're afraid it is not safe?"

Her aunt replied: "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men, those who place money there have no reason to fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul—whether it is safe; and I have given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I need not worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear; it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her aunt.